

Not the place

Many residents in Stewarttown are fighting to keep their hamlet a quiet community that is safe, unassuming and relatively free from the lure of commerce.

A proposal has been made to build a 24 seat restaurant and a convenience store at the top of the Stewarttown hill across from the public school.

To have the zoning changed to allow the added development would take something away from the community, whose inhabitants live there because of the rural nature of their village.

Trafalgar Road is a busy route for many out of town travellers and a Stewarttown restaurant and store would upset the delicate nature of the community.

A delegation who approached town council last Tuesday voiced a number of understandable concerns. The location is not a safe place for increased traffic to be turning; it is also across from the Stewarttown School which might prove to be a loitering problem.

Concerns over water supply are justified based on their past experience, although testing of the site proves otherwise.

Halton Hills has some of the nicest rural hamlets anywhere in Ontario. Side trips to places like Limehouse, Ballinacree and Glen Williams makes even the most devoted urban dweller envious of those living in a picturesque and quiet setting.

While we believe the town has to grow and that development should be encouraged, let's not start with destroying our rural hamlets with the type of commerce that's not compatible with their way of life.

Half hearted drives



Staff Comment

By ROBIN
BAKEWELL

There are a number of key words in conversation that can almost guarantee my immediate disinterest.

Upon hearing recently golf was one such word. On hearing it my mind would travel from one subject to another or tune in to the latest top ten single.

Golf tournaments have always had the same viewing time on my T.V. as the PTL Club...none. A slow, boring game (rather than sport), golf to me was associated with old men, retirees and salesmen.

It only took nine holes, three balls, a few choice words, a couple of cold beers and some encouragement from my brother-in-law, Casey, to change my mind.

A couple of years older than me, Casey and I have the same ideas on how leisure time should be spent.

In the winter it's cross-country skiing every weekend possible, darts and beer secondary, and serious games of intertelevision baseball.

Summer has, until this year, been dominated by baseball. Whether it was actually playing the game or watching the Blue Jays at Exhibition Park, baseball prevailed.

Having spent a lot of time with Casey I was more than surprised to find an old set of golf clubs tucked away in his garage. If he had actually played the game maybe there was something in it. Besides we liked 99 per cent of the same things and I'll try almost anything once.

Letter to the editor

Condescending talk

Dear Sir,

I am steaming, screaming, mad! "Looking for a woman" the headline, shouted (The Herald, August 1, 1984).

And who is looking for a woman? Why Halton's NDP party, of course. And aren't they just too terribly "gallant" about the whole thing?

Why Kevin Flynn would even set aside his bid for the Halton riding candidacy - "this time only" - if a woman candidate were to emerge. How absolutely marvelous of him.

For a party that purports to be more concerned with women's issues than either the Grits or the Tories and is actively courting the female vote, Mr. Flynn displays a distressingly condescending attitude.

The very nature of his generous act, a sort of supreme sacrifice, is blatantly patronizing. Mr. Flynn is making what he feels is a politically expedient statement. "I think it's about time we had a woman candidate."

What on earth kind of political party would want a woman candidate that would accept the candidacy, or anything for that matter, on anything but her own proven ability and merit? Better yet, what woman would want to

become involved with a party that indulges in such chicanery?

Mr. Flynn can't really expect to win the respect and votes of women voters - and our numbers are large - with that kind of attitude. Mr. Flynn, for heaven's sake, how could you? Women may not be mighty yet, but we're moving.

Don't underestimate us. What Halton needs - what is needed across this country - isn't condescension but programs at local high schools or any available facility that offers women a basic course in Canada's political structure.

In her column in The Star (August 4, 1984) Doris Anderson pinpointed what is probably a prevailing misconception amongst women - "The first time I took part in a political campaign I thought, as a novice, I was going to be exposed to some pretty sophisticated stuff...Nothing of the kind... Anyone who could be depended on to turn up two nights in a row and do a half-competent job was an instant expert." She summed up succinctly, "Get involved."

May Thomas expressed the same view in an article by Tom Sawyer (The Herald, August 8, 1984). May has worked for the Brampton-area Conservative candidate in every federal election since she moved to the area 21 years ago and "doesn't understand why there aren't more local campaigners."

I agree with Kevin Flynn that women should become more involved with politics but first they need advice on how to enter the field and how to move ahead once they have taken the initial plunge.

For the women who are already involved in Canadian politics probably their most important role is to excite other women about political opportunities. Perhaps Kathleen Windsor said it best in her book *Forever Amber* - 1944 - "If women could somehow learn to tolerate one another, they might get an advantage over us we'd never put down." (Charles 11 - page 501).

Let's see as many courses offered in Canadian politics as there are in needlepoint and crochet. And Mr. Flynn - less bias and more discretion is definitely advisable.

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Georgetown



Being Canadian

A whole pattern of attitudes



Queen's Park

By Derek
Nelson

TORONTO - In this country today, the toughest thing to be is a Canadian (or Canadian).

The powers-that-be are busy subdividing us into neat little categories, isolating us in ghettos of their own imagining, separating us one from the other.

We are "English" and "French" and "ethnic." We are "visible minorities" and "invisible majorities." We are everything but what we are - Canadians-Canadians.

And this new tribe, this Canadian race if you will, has its own culture, even if it is not recognized by Canadian politicians and bureaucrats. This culture is multi-ethnic and multi-colored, but it is Canadian-Canadian.

The irony of the Equality Now report is that even when an immigrant pointed out this Canadian cultural reality to the federal parliamentary committee - as Toronto businessman Kam Singh did - the powers-that-be seemed oblivious to what he said.

"For most of the time in Canada I have been an independent businessman, and this has required a great deal of adjustment on my part. There is quite a difference between the business environments and customs in Canada from those in India," Singh said.

"This has been a long, difficult and frequently painful schooling for me. I am successful now because I understand how Canadians think, and I present myself in a way that is acceptable.

"What I mean is that I learned to provide in my insurance business those things - dress, attitudes, habits - that customers want. My service suits their needs. The color of my skin or their skin does not matter," he said.

In short, Kam Singh became a Canadian... not a "visible minority" Canadian or an "Indo-Canadian" or a "Sikh-Canadian" - but just a Canadian.

He noted that "many of my countrymen do not approach life in Canada from the standpoint of service. They are not observant of how the

(or we immigrants) came from. They may judge us by whether our skin is "visible" or "invisible."

But Canadians know better. Regardless of skin color or ancestral home, three years residence does not make a Canadian except in the legal sense of citizenship. To be a Canadian is more than that. It is a way of living.

Many, if not most, immigrants to Canada understand that. Those who have come here over the past several centuries have shed much of their "home country" pasts, have mixed and blended to create a new people - Canadians-Canadians.

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He noted that "many of my countrymen do not approach life in Canada from the standpoint of service. They are not observant of how the

majority behaves, and they are not sensitive to the values and customs of the majority."

Singh cited the example of burping in public without a ritual "excuse me" being frowned upon by Canadians as just one of the "hundreds of small things" to which immigrants must adapt.

And adapting is not just a Third World problem, as any English school boy emigrating to Canada finds out the first time he wears short pants to class. He either gets long pants or quickly learns how to fight.

Nor is it just little things that mark Canadian culture. As even the Equality Now report indirectly acknowledges, Canadian women have more opportunity than do women in most other places in the world.

In fact, from a Canadian woman's perspective, her sex in most locales appears to be treated in a manner that results in, at best, second class citizenship and, at worst, serfdom.

Tragically, the theory of multiculturalism is that such cultures should be transplanted here intact, that there is nothing inherently preferable about existing Canadian culture over foreign cultures.

In practice, Canadians do prefer their own ways. This feeling is so deep down inside that Canadians never verbalize it. They know they are Canadians and not West Indians or English or Chinese or Germans or Pakistani or whatever.

Being Canadian is more than a new label on old wine. It is a whole pattern of attitudes, beliefs - even prejudices - about actions as trivial as burping in public or as important as the status of women in the community.

Thus, Canadians expect immigrants of whatever colour or ethnic origin to adapt to Canadian ways and not the other way around. People who want to retain the old culture should stay in the old country, be it England or India.

The old saying is when in Rome, do as the Romans do. How then did our country's powers-that-be come to endorse the contrary vision that, when in Canada, do as you did in the home country?

Whiskey, revival and the Norval Methodists (part 2)

By RICK RUGGLE
Herald Special

Thomas Forster's Methodism was allied to a temperance, which drove him to break what had become a tradition amongst his Presbyterian neighbours.

When he came to the farm, he planned to build a log barn. A raising was organized and the neighbours warned to it, being told that there would be plenty of good food but no whiskey. The neighbours came - and looked on. When the fourth round of logs was in place, Squire Menzies led the onlookers in joining in, and by supertime the barn was up, framed and raftered.

After supper Squire Menzies toasted the queen of the home, praised the food, referred to the building having been erected without accident, due to no one being given, and commented on a young couple for their courage in "his innovation on old customs."

His farm was the site of a number of revivals, before he retired to Brampton in 1876. As union between the Wesleyan and New Connexion Methodists was being considered in the early seventies, the two groups joined together to conduct camp meetings in the pine woods of the farm. The woods had been used for this purpose before, since one of the announcements tells of arrangements to assemble "at the old Norval campground."

Summer first aid

Some of the people who take First Aid courses at St. John Ambulance are there because they've been involved in an accident. They've experienced panic and a feeling of helplessness because they didn't know how to help.

When you are at a cottage, you can be a long way away from

hospitals and doctors.

The person who knows what to do, who knows first aid, can sometimes save a life, can give immediate help that will result in an injury healing faster, and can prevent an action that could make the accident or injury worse, such as moving an injured per-

son unnecessarily.

For instance, an unconscious person may die unless he is properly cared for. Shock can kill if it is not prevented or controlled. The healing time for a fracture can be shortened by as much as a week if the fracture is properly immobilized immediately.

Halton's History

THIRTY YEARS AGO - Three local couples won prizes on Monday at a bowling tournament in Eton, with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Thompson getting first prize. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. George Wood were others who shared in the prizes.

Engineer N. McTaggart was injured when he leapt from his engine seconds before the train crashed. Fireman William Park and brakeman William Attry remained in the locomotive and were unhurt. The accident occurred behind Victoria Crescent where Thomas Leslie assisted the injured engineer.

Scoring star "Zeke" McCandless of Georgetown N and Gs is leading scorer in the lacrosse league in which the team plays.

A public garbage dump at Dolly Varden has been rented by Esqueping Township from Joe McDonald for a five year period.

Jim Linton, one of Georgetown's best golfers is feeling good these days, even if he didn't get to the finals in the Ontario Amateur at Thornhill.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO - Jean Beliveau and Bobby Orr will be guests at the Little NHL of Fame dinner here in September.

Edward Shubert, 35, got out from underneath his parked car Thursday seconds before it was flattened by another car which flew off the top of a steep cliff and crashed down on Shubert's car.

"You shouldn't be charged for something you don't get," Bob McGowan quietly explained to Esqueping council, Monday night as he asked why he was now being charged for street lights, when the street lights ended some distance from his house.

The Dugays, a Georgetown area family, lost their possessions last Wednesday afternoon when fire burnt their rented cottage to the ground on the Stewarttown Sideroad.

12 year old Jamie Virgin of Georgetown is starring in Marine-land's popular aquatic show with his friend Pixie, a 350 pound Atlantic Bottle-Nose Dolphin, at Niagara Falls. TEN YEARS AGO - Ontario minister of industry and tourism Claude Bennett visited with the people and businesses in Georgetown on Friday August 2.

The bid by Mountclair Construction was accepted by Halton Hills Council Thursday for the construction of the proposed indoor swimming pool in Georgetown.

Fire Tuesday destroyed a barn owned by the R. Neave family at Terra Cotta.

Brian Barker of the Ontario Lawn Tennis Association is teaching his sport at the courts at Joseph Gibbons Park.

The services at the new Canada Manpower office, located on Wesleyan Street in Georgetown, is now getting into full swing. There are two full time staff members on hand to help employees and potential employees. Mrs. Mercedes Lyons and Mrs. Iris Routledge.

FIVE YEARS AGO - John McCauley, one of three National Hockey League officials who live in the Georgetown area, faces an eye operation on Monday that if not successful could end his career.

Stacey Hurley, who has been red-hot on the junior tennis circuit lately, kept up her pace by teaming with Lynn Silo to win the doubles section for under 16s at the Ontario Open Junior Tennis Championships last week.

Producers of "Never Trust an Honest Thief", the movie to be filmed in Georgetown this month, are still searching for local talent to fill extra roles in the film.

A joint effort between two Presbyterian and United churches in the area has added another family to the list of five refugee families expected to arrive in Georgetown as early as next month.

A bylaw authorizing the establishment of a 15-acre golf driving range near Hornby is expected to receive town council's approval this week.

Rob Masson of Georgetown led the Etobicoke Swim Club to a first place finish in the Division Two National Championships held at Montreal's Claude Robillard Pool over the weekend.

POETS' CORNER

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following poem was written to encourage those who need to talk to someone who cares at the North Halton Distress Centre, 877-1211.

I am, he said, a broken man, my only way is down,
It might be easier for them if I were not around.
I have no job, I drink too much, I mess with drugs and dope,
I'm hitting bottom, fast, and I can't see any hope.
Please somebody help me out of this hole I'm in!
I want my self respect back, to be just me again.
I want my family's love, the way it was before:
I don't want to go on like this, no, not anymore!

I am, he said, a better man, I'm on an upwards road;
I carry on my shoulders a far much lighter load.
With all the help I needed and the courage I have shown,
I have, at last, succeeded, and my self respect has grown;
And when I look back now on those days of black despair,
I'm thankful that I had the love of those who cared,
I wouldn't trade a moment of my well-earned peace of mind,
And I won't forget the people who were patient, good and kind.